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2-25-1886

# Providence Independent, V. 11, Thursday, February 25, 1886, [Whole Number: 557]

Providence Independent

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J. W. ROYER, M. D.,

Practising Physician,  
TRAPPE, PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,

Practising Physician,  
EVANSBURG, PA.

Office Hours:—8 to 10, a. m. 2 to 4, p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Office Hours:—9 to 12, a. m. 12 to 2 p. m. After 6 p. m.

Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

DR. B. F. PLACE,

DENTIST!!

36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House) NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.  
Fees greatly reduced. Full sets from \$5 to \$10.

F. G. HOBSON,

Attorney-at-Law,

Cor. MAIN and SWEDS Streets, Norristown, Pa. Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

H. M. BROWNBACK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA. Jun. 25-lyr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,

Justice of the Peace  
COLLEGEVILLE PA.

CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY.

(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)

Surveyor and Conveyancer

Sales clerk; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,

Practical Slater!!  
RAHN'S STATION PA.

Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,

Practical Slater!!

Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

EDWARD DAVID,

PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,  
COLLEGEVILLE PA.

Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, gilding, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ.

Carpenter and Builder.

RAHN STATION, PA.

Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

J. G. T. MILLER.

CARPENTER and BUILDER,  
TRAPPE PA.

Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, 85-lyr.

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Estimates furnished and Contracts taken. apr. 16-lyr.

N. P. SNYDER,

HARNESS MANUFACTURER  
GRATER'S FORD, PA.

Harness, of the best material made to order at short notice. Complete stock of all kinds of horse goods always on hand. Repairing promptly attended to. June 25-lyr.

ELMER E. CONWAY.

BOOT and SHOEMAKER!  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. may 7-lyr.

CAMERON, CORSON &amp; Co.,

Buy and Sell REAL ESTATE

In all parts of the country.

519 Swede Street, NORRISTOWN, PA. aug. 20-6-mo.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 127 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.Second Floor, Room 15.  
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, lyr.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase, along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,  
News Agent,  
Collegeville.

FRANK WUNSCHEL,

CARPET WEAVER!

Near Upper Providence Square (formerly S. H. Hallman's place). Carpets of all grades woven to order. Ready made carpet for sale. Carpet warps made to order. Dec. 24, 2m.

JOSEPH STONE,  
CARPET WEAVER  
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,  
(Formerly Beard House.)

Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

I. P. RHOADES.

TRAPPE, PA. DEALER IN

BEEF, MUTTON and VEAL,  
Vegetables and Fruit in season.  
aug. 20. Orders thankfully received.

THE POPULAR

DINING ROOMS,

Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.

HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor.  
Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

The Mysterious Reporter.

BY AN OLD NEWSPAPER MAN.

Many years ago I was the editor of a weekly newspaper, published in a flourishing town on the Mississippi river in Illinois, and one day, finding we needed an additional reporter, I sat down to write to a friend in Chicago, requesting that one be sent me, but before I had written the date line the door of my office opened and a young man entered and inquired for the editor. The new comer was evidently of Irish birth, and the grace and refinement of his greeting, as he came to my side, marked him as a cultivated gentleman. He was of medium height, well proportioned body, a perfectly formed head, large dark eyes, clean shaven face, hair black and glossy and lying in thick curls, fine teeth, and a clear red and white complexion. But what most impressed me as I looked into this new face was its smile. This seemed to have its birth about the eyes, and from thence flashing to every other feature, illuminated the whole with a soft brightness irresistible in its attractiveness and impossible to describe. Altogether I thought I had never met with a handsomer, manlier man. The card he handed me bore the name Sullivan, and he went on to explain that he was twenty-three years of age, graduate of an Irish college, and had recently been reading law in Dublin and doing some reporting for a city journal there; but that circumstances had induced him to come to this country for a prolonged stay, and he was anxious to obtain newspaper work in the West. He had no references, but I was so strongly impressed in his favor that I consented to give him a trial.

So our business connection began; and I was not long in discovering that in him I had secured a valuable assistant. He was thorough and efficient in everything he undertook, and seemed anxious for constant occupation—would plead for it in such a nervous, feverish way that I came to suspect he had some great trouble on his mind, that only steady employment could relieve. He seemed to be solitary in all his ways. Had he so chosen he might, by the natural charm of his manner, made a sincere friend of every person with whom he came in contact; but nobody, except myself, could get beyond the line of a business acquaintance with him. Any attempts at more than this he promptly checked by an assumption of the most chilling politeness. To me, as the months passed by, he grew to be a gentle, patient and attached friend; while in return I loved him as a brother, and it pained me to see the depression of mind which I had noticed soon after our first acquaintance gradually increasing in intensity. My wife tried to

divert his mind by making up little parties of pleasant young people at our house. He would always honor her invitation to these gatherings; but if he knew I was at the office—as I generally was until late every night—he would get away as soon as he could, without actual rudeness, and come to me and say something to the effect that he would like to help me with my work if I would let him—that everybody was kind and pleasant, but he had no heart for ordinary social conversation, and just wanted to be alone with me. The sweet, almost childlike, expression of his face at such times there was no resisting, and I usually let him have his own way without remonstrance.

But, notwithstanding Sullivan's disinclination to mix with social circles, he became very popular with the townspeople by reason of his great physical strength and courage. I could give a score of incidents illustrating this. He once kicked a burly hotel porter half across the public square for burning a little negro girl's ear with a lighted cigar; and I was walking along the levee with him, on another occasion, when he rushed on board a steamboat at the landing and, with one blow, knocked the mate overboard for cruelly beating a deck-hand. He was also a great lover of little children, and expended a liberal share of his salary in toys and sweets for them, and was ready to fight in defense of the most ragged and dirty little imp among them on the slightest provocation. Saturday was a holiday in our office, and it was in the town schools, and so it came about that at an appointed hour on that day a troop of children, whose acquaintance he has made in his walks about the neighborhood, would come flocking to our rooms. None went away empty-handed. If the supply of bonbons gave out, he would substitute two or three coppers for each of the others. Then he would sing them some simple Irish songs, and wind up the entertainment with a little speech, both amusing and instructive to his youthful audience. He said to me, on one of these occasions, when the departing footsteps of the happy company had ceased to echo along the hallway:

"To me there is no music half so sweet as the laugh of a little child! I always feel a pity for them, knowing the mountains of pain and sorrow the most of them will find lying across the paths they must travel in life."

Sullivan had been with me nearly two years, and his tendency to melancholy seemed to have become a disease, and was wearing his life away, while unmistakable signs of sleepless nights appeared in his face. No persuasion could induce him to consult a physician, and all my attempts to get a hint of the cause of his trouble, in order that I might offer some consolatory advice, were in vain. I finally suggested a few weeks rest and a trip around the lakes, and to this he replied:

"Oh, no! I dear old fellow. Work! work! work! is the panacea for me, if there be one in this world. But, stop! I might take a trip after all. You said something the other day about looking up the crops in the upper part of the county. Let me hire Brown's saddle-horse and go. You know Brown's old horse, don't you? When you wish to obtain the remedial blessings of a severe lake storm just get astride of that old quadruped and whip him into a trot."

He laughed in something of his old pleasant way over this little joke, and I, heavy as I was at heart, forced myself to join in the mirth, hoping that even this little moment of forgetfulness might to him some good. My dear friend started on his trip the next Monday, and was to return on the following Saturday evening, and I, at his request, promised to await his coming at the office. In my letter mail of Friday I found a letter from him—the first, other than a business one, I had known of his receiving since his engagement with me. It bore an Irish post-office stamp, and I placed it in his office-box, with the hope and prayer that it might bring comfort to his troubled spirit.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when I heard his slow and languid step upon the stairs. I was writing at my desk, and as he came and placed his hand upon my shoulder, I looked up and saw at a glance that the journey had been of no benefit to him. He made an effort to greet me with his old-time vivacity, but his soul was gone. His fine eyes retained their brilliancy, but were sunken and almost hidden behind the

heavy eyebrows. There was a little more color in his face than when he left me, but exposure to sun and wind might account for that. He tried to talk cheerfully of his trip.

"I will have three crop columns for you, dear old friend," he said, "and the *Examiner* people (the opposition journal) will just go mad with envy when they see it. They have sent nobody out, yet, and we are ahead."

And so we talked on until the subject was exhausted, and then he stepped to the letter rack and took the contents of his box to his desk at the opposite end of the room. Soon I heard him spring to his feet and turn the key in the door; then I felt the painful grasp of his hand upon my arm and turned to look at him. My God, what a change! To his wan and shrunken face was now added the whiteness of death!

"Oh! John!" he cried, in piteous and despairing tones. "My heart is broken. Read these lines and I will tell you."

The passage he pointed out the letter he held in his hand was this:

"Toward the end she never complained, nor seemed to shrink, as before, from their harsh upbraidings; but just wasted away day by day, and died with your name upon her lips."

"Now you know," the stricken man continued, "what it is that has made my existence of late a living death, and drained my body of blood and vitality. She was a beautiful, gentle hearted girl, and I knew months ago that her family was killing her because of her love for me. I have corresponded with her old nurse, who has been with her, and I know all. I could tell you much more, but there is no need. I left home to save her, as I hoped, from abuse; but they lied to me. May God curse them here and hereafter."

All this time he had been excitedly pacing the floor between my desk and his own, with the fatal letter crushed tightly in his hand. What could I say—what comfort offer? I could only beg him to go home with me and take a sleeping powder.

"Sleep!" he cried. "No sleep has come to me for months! John, promise me one thing—it will do no harm to any living creature, but will be better in every way. Promise me if I should—if we should be separated, that you will do all in your power to prevent any search for my relatives. It is a foolish whim of mine, I know; but promise, dear old fellow!"

I pressed his hand in token of acquiescence, and turned away to hide my own emotion, and when I looked again he was burning the letter in the stove. Other papers he took from his desk, and destroyed in the same way. This done, he came to me in a calmer mood, and taking both my hands in his, he said:

"John, you have been a good, kind friend to me, and I don't remember that I ever thanked you for it. I do so now with my whole heart. I have been very lonely at times, but you have been a comfort to me. And now," he added, in a voice soft and sweet as a little child, "and now, if you don't mind, I will rest awhile before going home. I will be very quiet, and may sleep."

I thought it would be well for him to rest a little before our long walk up the steep bluff to his hotel, and so told him. He again took my hand as though loth to go from me, and then walked slowly to his chair. He had acquired a habit of resting by placing his elbows upon his desk and supporting his head between his upraised hands. Looking after him, I saw he had taken that position now; then I turned to my work, which was very pressing. I wrote on, I know not how long, when suddenly a great fear came upon me, and springing to my feet, I went to him.

His noble head was bowed low upon his quiet breast, and his arms were extended as though at last his dead love had come to his embrace and borne his soul away.

Perhaps she had! who knows?—J. H. Shipman, in the *Journalist*.

It is reported on alleged respectable authority that more than half-a-million pounds of willow leaf were shipped from Shanghai last year as green tea—a very large proportion of it coming to America.

One of the Rothschilds of Paris has been elected a member to the Institute. There seems to be something irresistible in the march of the despised and persecuted Jew into Europe's high places of honor.

CHASED BY DOGS.

HOW ESCAPED CONVICTS ARE PURSUED IN THE SOUTH.

While at Oldtown I saw a race between a convict and the hounds. A gaunt convict, long of leg and flank, was selected for the run. He was told to put off quickly, circle in the woods, take a swift-run over fields, roads and through every squad of convicts he could find in his way. This he did. The hounds were then looting about the stockade yard, as listless a lot of dogs as ever were seen. "I'm tempted," said Mr. Williams, "to let the convict ride a horse for a mile or two after he has run awhile. I have had dogs trail a convict on horseback four miles, and then take the track where he jumped from the horse." By this time the flying convict was a small speck on the broad fields, and in a moment more had melted into the horizon and was gone, as if, indeed, he had found that liberty for which his soul panted, and had gone as the strong winged birds go when they vanish in the blue ether.

In an hour we mounted our horses. The hounds were still looting about in the sunshine. Suddenly Mr. Williams, squaring himself in his saddle, blew three quick, short blasts on the cow's horn that hung at its side. As if by magic, the hounds awoke and charged at his saddle—eager, baying, frantic. "Nigger!" he said sententiously. Like the wind they were off, nose to the ground, tails up, circling like beagles. Larger the circles grow, the hounds silent as specters, eyes and nose eating the earth for its secret. "They will pass over the tracks of convict squads, but will open on the first single track they find. It is the wrong track, we will simply sit still. They will run it a hundred yards or so, and, noting our silence, will throw it off again. When they get the right track, we will halloo and start after the hound that has it. The others will join him and the race is opened."

At last a red hound, careering like mad across the field, halts suddenly, tumbles over himself, faces about, noses the ground eagerly, lifts his head, "Aooooow!" and is off like an arrow from a bowstring. "That's the track," shouts Williams, and after the howling hound we go. The other dogs join in pell mell at first, then each hound true to the track, in full cry and at a rattling gait. Away off to the left Captain James calls attention to a moving speck against the sky. "That is the convict circling back to camp," he said. On the dogs went, keen as the wind, inexorable as fate, following the track of the convict as true as his own shadow. Across the tracks of hundreds of others along high roads, over fields, through herds of cattle, by other convicts that smiled grimly as they passed, the hounds went, holding the track of the flying convict where it had been laid as light as thistle on the firm earth, but where it left the tell tale scent all the same. Nothing could shake them off—nothing check their furious rush. Over other tracks made by convicts wearing shoes from the same last and same box they went without hindrance, led by some intangible miracle of the air, straight on a single trail.

"Now we'll see them wind their scent fifty yards away," said Williams, as he neared a patch of forest. Close to this was a squad of convicts. These we had sent through the woods an hour before. We had made "trustees," walking singly, touch every bush and tree. Then the convict we were trailing was run through, making a half circle, with at least fifty yards' radius. The hounds entered the forest at a hustling pace, a small red dog leading. Suddenly the leader faltered for an instant, with nose in air, then burst with fierce cry to the left, ran obliquely for full fifty yards, with head up, when he took up again the track of the convict, and lowered his head to the ground. He had simply made a short cut across the semi-circle, having caught scent of the convict on the bushes more than 100 feet away. I am aware that this is incredible to those who have never seen it. I cannot explain what it is that the flying man, clad and shod as a hundred others, fed on the same food, chained daily to the same chain, and sleeping in the same bunks at night, imparts to a yielding twig touched by his clothes so that it attracts a hound fifty yards away. But it certainly does just that.

The last test was now coming. We were moving toward a squad of con-

victs at work in a cotton field. We had sent the fugitive convict through this squad. We had then made them walk in a double circle around him. They then crossed and recrossed his tracks, many of them wearing exactly such shoes as he wore. One hour later the hounds struck this point. There was not an instant's pause. There was no deviation, no let up in the pace. Through the labyrinth of tracks the hounds went, as swallows through the air, hurrying inexorably on the one track they had chosen.

The end was now near. The convict having run his race, was seen leaning against a tree and watching the hounds plunging toward him. "Won't he climb the tree?" I asked. "No, the hounds are trained to simply bay the convicts when they come up with them. Otherwise the convicts would kill them. By this time the hounds had sighted him. They halted about twenty yards away from the tree against which he stood and bayed him furiously. Pretty music they made and not deeper than I heard often and again under a 'possum tree. Mr. Williams called them off and the convict came forward. "Dem puppies is doin' mighty well, Cap'n," he said, grinning, and as lazily swung by on his way to the stockade.

These dogs are not bloodhounds. I doubt if there is a bloodhound in Georgia, though two are reported near Cartersville, descended from a pair owned by Colonel Jeff Johnson in the days of slavery. The Oldtown dogs are fox hounds of the Redbone breed, trained for several generations to hunt men. They are never tempted with other game. They are neither fierce nor powerful, and are relied on solely to trail the convict and lead his pursuers to his lair.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WOMAN.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it. Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside her shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself at all times chivalrous, sweet spoken, considerate and deferential.

The Man Caught the Dog.

I have great respect for the Georgia bloodhound; even though he is not a bloodhound. I saw lately some examples of his skill in trailing men that were marvelous. But the Georgia bloodhound received a black eye in the matter of Tobie Jackson. This alleged dynamiter was tracked through about thirty miles of mountain and ravine by a two-thousand-dollar bloodhound. The sluggish but persistent beast hung on the vanishing track through storm and darkness relentless as death itself. This was very heroic. But mark the sequel. One afternoon when the chase had flagged the pursuers of the redoubtable Jackson saw silhouetted against the summit on an inaccessible mountain peak, a haughty man with a rope on his arm followed by a very meek dog with a rope around his neck stalking across the read sky to a quiet retreat. The man was Jackson—the dog was the two-thousand-dollar bloodhound.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

New dinner plates are square.

Bismarck drinks beer out of a stone mug.

Bill Nye on Life Insurance.

Life insurance is a great thing. I would not be without it. My health is greatly improved since I got my new policy. Formerly I used to have a seal-brown taste in my mouth when I arose in the morning, but that has entirely disappeared now. I am more hopeful and happy, and my hair is getting thicker on top. I would not try to keep house without life insurance. Last September I was caught in one of the most destructive cyclones that ever visited a Republican form of government. A great deal of property was destroyed and many lives were lost, but I was spared. People who had no insurance were mowed down on every hand, but aside from a broken leg, I was entirely unharmed.

I look upon life insurance as a great comfort, not only on the beneficiary, but to the insured, who very rarely lives to realize anything pecuniarily from his venture. Twice I have almost raised my wife to affluence and cast a gloom over the community in which I lived, but something happened to the physician for a few days, so that he could not attend me, and I recovered. For nearly two years I was under the doctor's care. He had his fingers on my pulse or in my pocket all the time. He was a young Western physician who attended me on Tuesdays and Fridays. The rest of the week he devoted his medical skill to horses that were mentally broken down. He said he attended me largely for my society. I felt flattered to know that he enjoyed my society, after being thrown among horses all the week that had much greater advantage than I.

My wife at first objected seriously to an insurance on my life, and said she would never, never touch a dollar of the money if I were to die; but after I had been sick nearly two years and my disposition had suffered a good deal, she said that I need not delay the obsequies on that account. But the life insurance slipped through my fingers somehow, and I recovered.

In these days of dynamite and roller rinks, and the gory meat axe of a new administration, we ought to make some provision for the future.

Saved by a Devoted Dog.

A TEAMSTER'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN THE SNOW IN A WESTERN VALLEY.

A wood-hauler by the name of Jean Baptiste Larue left the city late one evening for his home, some where on the other side of the valley. It appears that by the time he had reached the middle of the valley the effect of the liquor he had drunk died away, leaving him to the mercy of the cold. At first Larue tried to overcome it. He got out of the wagon and ran beside the team, but in his weakened condition the exercise soon exhausted him.

The motion of his arms seemed to startle the horses and they struck off on a round trot, leaving Larue behind. The team disappeared and Larue dropped to the ground tired out and discouraged. How long he remained at the roadside he does not know, but he was first partially and then wholly aroused from the stupor which had overcome him by his dog tugging at his coat and finally biting him, first slightly and then more severely in the leg.

Maddened at the dog he staggered to his feet with the intention of beating him, but he was too far gone to even raise his hand to strike a blow. The faithful dog seemed to take in the situation, and instead of running from his master he again slightly bit him in the leg. Larue kicked at the watchful brute several times, but failed to reach him.

The exercise forced the blood to his extremities, and at the same time he gained a clearer comprehension of his real danger. With a great effort he aroused himself to action, but having lost his reckoning he didn't know which way to turn.

Again his faithful dog came to his rescue. With a whine and low bark the animal led off at right angles from the road. Larue, now trusting all to the dog, followed him as fast as he could, and in the course of about half an hour reached a cabin on the hillside, occupied by a wood-chopper, who let him in and kindly attended to his wants.—*Bute City Inter Mountain*.

It is understood that the ordinance commission will report to Congress that heavy guns can be manufactured in this country. They will also recommend that the necessary appropriation be made at once.



## Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, February 25, 1886.

ONE hundred and fifty years last Monday George Washington was born, and ever since his achievements as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies battling for self-government, and as President of the United States, his memory has been kept green in the hearts of the American people. Long live the name of Washington—the "First in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen."

MATTERS Congressional are, at this early day, becoming somewhat interesting over in Chester county. Next fall will perhaps witness the old fight over again between Waddell, Everhart and Darlington. Too much wrangling for political advantage on the part of the aforementioned gentlemen may result in the trotting out of a dark horse. Therefore, we quietly admonish Brother Roberts to keep himself in readiness for a possible emergency.

COLLEGEVILLE is very much in need of additional houses. This is an undeniable fact. Will those of our citizens who possess the means see that the demand is supplied. We trust a genuine spirit of enterprise will overwhelm them and lead them to do that which will prove to be of much importance to the town—if the town is to grow. Additional residences will encourage business enterprises and add a fresh impulse to the growth and prosperity of the place.

JOHN B. GOUGH, a distinguished temperance lecturer and a man of brilliant parts, died last Thursday afternoon in Frankford, Philadelphia, where he was stricken with paralysis while lecturing a day or two before his death. He was a native of England, and in his younger days a drunkard. He reformed and became a power in behalf of the temperance cause.

In 1884, after a great deal of excitement and personal abuse, this country elected a President. In 1888 the people will again vote for electors who in turn will elect another President. For the next eighteen months, at least, let us all hope that the excitable and interested politicians and sensational newspapers will grant the country the political peace and tranquility it has earned and is entitled to. Let the prospective Presidential candidates build their own air castles.

"It is a question; Doesn't Montgomery county, so glad to be the repository of the remains of the brave Hancock, feel sorry now that a majority of one was given against him when he was a candidate for President? It ought to."—Phoenixville Messenger.

Perhaps it ought, Brother Roberts, but politics is politics, and politics don't care a picayune for heroism unless heroism can assist politics in gaining a point. When Hancock was a Presidential candidate the public pulse was forced up to about 140 under the pressure of the tariff fever, and you are well aware how that fever makes the patients howl in Eastern Pennsylvania, and this is another reason why the illustrious services of Hancock were forgotten in the county of his birth and early boyhood when he was a Presidential candidate.

Or late we have heard a good deal about the proposed admission of Dakota into the Union. Dakota would be promptly admitted but for the reason that our exalted (?) statesmanship measures all enterprises with which it deals with partisan foot-rules. Whether Dakota would be benefited by admission to the Union, or whether the interests of the United States would be enhanced by the addition of Dakota, is a secondary question and will have no weight in settling the matter at issue. The Republican leaders want Dakota because it would give that party two additional Senators, one or two additional Congressmen and three or four additional votes for President; and the Democratic leaders oppose the admission of Dakota for precisely the same reasons. Under these circumstances the admission of Dakota is likely to be a somewhat distant occurrence.

OPERATIONS have been lately begun for the purpose of clearing away the mass of sand which has accumulated during centuries around the famous statue of the Sphinx. Brugsch Bey, brother of the distinguished Egyptologist, has charge of the work, which is being carried out according to a plan proposed by Signor Maspero, and will, it is expected, be finished by Easter. The portion of the statue at present above ground is about 40 feet. It is supposed that as much more, at least, is buried in the sand, and the amount

of sand to be cleared away is estimated at 20,000 cubic metres. A small tramway is being constructed to carry away this mass of sand to a distance, and 150 laborers are employed on the task. When the statue has been laid bare to the level of the foundations a broad circular walk will be constructed around it, and a high wall will be built to guard against future encroachments of the sands of the desert.

BROTHER SINGERLY and his Holstein cow will have to retire to the country. Mr. Hopkins of Atlanta owns a Jersey of pure Dansey blood, a descendant of Roter of Stoke Pogis, which has given 8,724 pounds of milk in 6 months, and in 1885 made 900 pounds of butter. Some men achieve greatness, while others have it thrust upon them; but still another class buy it when it is young.—New York Sun.

AFTER a discussion extending over ten days the Virginia Senate has passed by a vote of 22 to 8 a local option bill, which requires that the election to determine whether the liquor traffic shall be continued in any city must be participated in by a number equal to a majority of the votes cast at the last preceding election. To become a law the measure must be concurred in by the House.

THE extent of the distress in London is emphasized by the statement that applications for work are daily made at the docks by not less than 20,000 men. Of these not over one-half could secure even the day's work applied for. The Amalgamated Engineers, the richest trades union in England, is beginning to feel the pressure in the extensive depletion of its funds. Last year they spent \$200,000, nearly one-half of their reserve, and now have over 1,000 of their members receiving relief on the list of unemployed. The demand is made for lessening the hours of labor, in order to give more employment. But the one remedy which is surely fastening itself on the intelligent mind is the necessity for changing the land system. It is evident that the area of cultivation in England has grown less. More and more land has become absorbed for the "villa" people—the rich middle class who aspire to become country gentry. The agricultural laborers are driven from the land by want. They crowd the cities, and the workmen thereof are almost driven to desperation by the competition. There is no remedy so sure as that which will put more men on the land and make them owners also.

### The Democrats United.

TO SUPPORT THE PRESIDENT IN HIS CONTEST WITH THE REPUBLICAN SENATORS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 19.—A Democratic member of the judiciary committee said this afternoon that the minority of that committee very well understood the position of the Democratic side in the controversy with the President over furnishing papers in suspensions and that no caucus would be called specially to consider what the minority report in the Dusk case should be. The issue had been made by the Republican side and all the minority had to do would be to meet it. Democratic Senators are united in their determination to stand by the President, because they believe he is right, and will be ready to take the defensive as soon as the fight is begun in open session. This will not be delayed longer than is necessary for the minority of the committee to file its report formally outlining the position to be taken in behalf of the President. A joint Democratic caucus will probably be held some time next week for the purpose of selecting a Congressional campaign committee, and at this caucus the hitch with the President will probably come up incidentally.

Growth of the Home Rule Sentiment. From the London Truth.

It is passing wonderful how the home rule question has grown. I remember when Colonel—then Captain—Nolan was regarded as little better than a traitor for owning himself a Home Ruler, and how it was urged that he ought to be dismissed from the army. In the Parliament of 1878 Mr. Parnell had but two or three followers. They were insulted whenever they spoke. In the Parliament of 1880 his followers were more numerous, but he was only joined by two or three English members, whilst members in office and out of office vied with each other in denunciations of so horrible a scheme. And now! The Liberal leader has declared for it; the very official Liberals who were the loudest in denouncing it are either its advocates or are mute against it. The majority in the House of Commons is for it, and so, too, is the majority in the country.

Rev. Dr. John Williamson, Nevins, of Lancaster, Penna., celebrated the eight-third anniversary of his birth on last Saturday at his home, near that city. The *Intelligencer* says that in Germany he has long been recognized as the leading American theologian of his age. Dr. Nevins preached the funeral sermon of President James Buchanan and is President emeritus of the Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg. He is the father of Rev. R. J. Nevins, D. D., of Rome; Miss Blanche Nevins, the sculptor, and Miss Alice Nevins, the author, and Captain Wilberforce Nevins, formerly editor of the *Press*, of this city.

### Our Monumentless Heroes.

Philadelphia Letter to New York Herald.

Most of Pennsylvania's distinguished sons are without monuments of any kind here, while local Moguls but national nobodies have been given statues. Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, has absolutely nothing in stone or brass to recall his generous soul and patriotic career to the minds of this generation. Anthony Wayne sleeps in old St. David's Radnor under a simple marble slab. Benjamin Franklin, surely one of the greatest Americans of his day and a resident of this city for fifty years, has his memory embodied in but a single statue, a modest one that adorns the facade of the Philadelphia Library building. Stephen Girard, whose gift to Philadelphia for philanthropic purposes now aggregates perhaps \$50,000,000, is without any memorial in Philadelphia's streets. Horace Binney, the great jurist of Philadelphia, is recalled only by a portrait in the Supreme Court room. The monument to General George G. Meade, though long talked about and now confidently hoped for, is still not yet in material form, though the great personage of Gettysburg, the savior of Pennsylvania, has been in the grave for nearly fifteen years, and there is no movement as yet actually under way for the erection of any memorial to General George B. McClellan, who was born in the Quaker City.

### Interesting Paragraphs.

It is thought that a dozen shots from the new German bomb, charged with dynamite shells, would destroy the strongest fortifications in the world.

Astronomers promise that a bright comet will be visible just before sunrise during the latter part of May. It is the comet "1886," discovered lately by Prof. Barnard.

Several citizens of New Haven, Connecticut, with worthy forethought, have their graves dug and tombstones erected. The graves are stoned up and sealed over, to protect them from the weather, and the stones are all lettered, except the date of death.

There is a smart little girl in Cedar Rapids, Nebraska. She is, nine years old, and the other day she wrote an account of a children's party, set it up in type, and corrected the proof, and the work was well done, too.

George Leib, a colored carpenter of Savannah, Georgia, fell backward from a third story scaffolding the other day, turned a complete somersault, struck squarely on his foot, looked around to see if any one was hurt, and quietly climbed back to his work.

The will of Commander Hayward, U. S. N., who died recently in Egypt, provides for the cremation of his body, and adds: "I desire that my ashes be placed in a suitable urn of copper in her (his wife's) grave, at her feet. If it were possible, I should insist that they be placed inside her coffin, in which case I should not wish them to be enclosed, but that they be strewn over whatever may remain of her precious body."

Samuel J. Piper and Albert G. Herndon were life prisoners in the Albany penitentiary for robbing a mail coach in Texas. When the recent epidemic of typhus fever broke out in the jail they volunteered as nurses, and both rendered valuable services until Piper himself was taken ill. He is just recovering. Their heroic conduct induced Albany officials to ask for their pardon, and a telegram was received on last Thursday saying the pardon had been granted.

Senator Ingalls is an ardent lover of nature. It is not unusual for him to start off on a tramp across the Maryland and Virginia hills alone and it is his boast that he frequently walks about twenty miles on a bright, clear day. Scarcely a foot of territory about Washington has escaped him and he is undoubtedly one of the best informed members of the national legislature as to the needs of the capital city.

The population of London now exceeds every other city, ancient or modern, in the world. New York and all its adjacent cities combined are not equal to two-thirds of it. Scotland, Switzerland, and the Australian colonies each contains fewer souls, while Norway, Serbia, Greece, and Denmark have scarcely half so many. Yet at the beginning of the present century the population of all London did not reach one million.

The *Mechanical Engineer* says that Benjamin Lauth, Sr., the inventor of the process of making nail plate out of old steel rails, has sold the right of his patent to five Eastern firms. Mr. Lauth claims that by his process at least \$10 per ton can be saved on the manufactured product, as compared with the present methods of production. Mr. Lauth will receive \$150 per day for one year and \$300 per day for the remaining sixteen years of the life of the patent.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Rumsey of St. Louis, Missouri, did not live very happily together. He was jealous and she was quick tempered, and they disagreed continually. Often she would try to bring about a better state of affairs, and one day made an unusually strong effort to effect a reconciliation. At last he parted from her with words of affection, telling her to be sure and be at home at 4 o'clock that afternoon, when he would send her something nice. She was very happy, and stayed at home anxiously waiting for the present. It came promptly on time, and proved to be a copy of the petition for a divorce filed that morning by her husband.

By the new process of toughening timber, it is claimed that the effect produced upon white-wood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it. This result is accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure, technically "upsetting" it. By

this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass; and it is the opinion of those who have experimented with the process that wood can be compressed to the extent of some seventy-five per cent., and that some of the timber now considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for instance, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, &c.

**25¢ A BOTTLE**  
**SALVATION OIL**  
KILLS PAIN  
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swelling, Stiff Neck, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sprains, Sore Throat, Sore Gums, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, etc. etc. A bottle sold by all druggists. Caution: The genuine *Salvation Oil* bears our facsimile signature, A. G. Meyer & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

**DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**  
For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

### FOR RENT!

A house, near Trappe, having two large rooms on first floor and three on second floor. For further particulars inquire of DAVID TYSON, Jan. 28, 18.

**COLLEGEVILLE MARBLE YARD!**

**J. H. C. BRADFORD, Prop'r.**  
**TOMBSTONES MONUMENTS**

&c., of any design desired promptly furnished at the lowest possible prices consistent with good workmanship. All designs executed in the best manner. Estimates for all kinds of work pertaining to the business cheerfully given. feb18tf.

**-SKIPPACK- CARRIAGE WORKS.**

ROBERT LOWNES, Proprietor.

**CARRIAGES & WAGONS**

Of every description built to order. New and Second-hand Carriages and Wagons on hand.

**BLACKSMITHING**  
And Wheelwright work of every description promptly executed in the best manner. Dec. 31, 3mo.

**A VERY INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT!**

—CONCERNING THE—

**TRAPPE Furniture Warerooms!**

AND THOSE WHO MAY DESIRE TO PURCHASE THE BEST FURNITURE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

The proprietor of the Trappe Furniture Ware-rooms has made extensive preparations to meet the demands of the Spring trade, and he is better prepared than ever to give satisfaction to customers. Handsome and suitable Hair Cloth, Raw Silk, or Terry

**PARLOR SUITS!**

About twenty different styles of

**Ash, Cottage, and Walnut Suits!**

From \$20, up. A Large and varied stock of all kinds of Furniture, at prices that will prove to be an inducement to buyers. Ash and WALNUT SIDEBOARDS, EXTENSION TABLES! Of the best manufacture, very low. Brussels Carpet and Royal Plush Lounges, Lounge and sofa combined—in Spun Silk & Hair Cloth. Mattresses in variety best makes, carpets, oil cloths, &c. First-class home-made carpet, 50 cents per yard. Rugs taken in exchange, at 25 cents per lb. for carpets.

Those who contemplate purchases in the line of Furniture, upholstered goods, or anything kept in a thoroughly stocked Furniture store, will surely not regret a visit to the Trappe Furniture Warerooms,

**JOHN S. KEPLER, PROPRIETOR.**

**ELMER E. CONWAY.**

**BOOT and SHOEMAKER!**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. May 17, 18.

**CAMERON, CORSON & Co.,**

**Buy and Sell REAL ESTATE**

In all parts of the county.  
519 Swede Street, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
aug. 30-6-mo.

**FULL STOCK OF READY MADE HARNESS!**

Of the best material and manufacture, at Detwiler's, Upper Providence Square.

All kinds of Horse Goods selling at very low figures.

**WHIPS, TOP-COVERS, IMPORTED COLLARS.**

Call and examine our stock and ascertain prices before going out of your latitude to make your purchases. Repairing attended to promptly.

Also a full stock of lubricating and Machine Oils, Coal and Headlight Oil; cigars and tobacco.

**John G. Detwiler.**

**-ROLLER-**

**PILOURI!!!**

Of superior quality, manufactured from the best wheat by Improved Facilities, at the

**Yerkes Station Mills.**

Quality Guaranteed. Lowest Market Prices.

Always on hand a full Stock of

CORN, OATS,

BRAN, MIDDINGS, RYE BRAN, &c., &c., &c.

**LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

Good, clear Wheat received at all times.

**J. H. LANDES.**

**Wm. J. THOMPSON,**

—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—

**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON,**

Visits Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.

**WM. J. THOMPSON,**

LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

**WHEAT,**

**WHEAT!**

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**DOWN! --- DOWN! --- TO --- ROCK BOTTOM PRICES ---**

**MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, Groceries,**

**Wood ware, Willow ware. Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c.**

I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes.

All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my Stock, and oblige,  
**JOSEPH G. GOTWALS, PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.**

**=COLLEGEVILLE=**  
**=DRUG STORE.=**

**Diarrhoea Mixture will cure your Diarrhoea & Dysentery.**

**Culbert's Ague & Liver Pills. Pure Cream Tartar.**

**Pure Flavoring Extracts. Pure Baking Powder.**

**Dalmatian Insect Powder for destruction of Flies, Ants, Roaches &c.**

**Poultry Powder, sure cure for Cholera in Poultry. PURE SPICES A SPECIALTY.**

**Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.**

**GO TO--**

**Beaver & Shellenberger, Trappe, Pa.,**

FOR TABLE LINEN, WOOLEN AND CANTON FLANELS.

**CHEVIOTS,**

**DRESS GOODS,**

**GINGHAMS,**

**CALICOES, &c.**

**VELVETEENS, in different colors, for trimming.**

Our stock of Ladies' and Gents'

**SHOES!**

is larger than ever. Rubber Boots and Shoes of all size and prices.

**CLOTHS! CASSIMERES!**

The largest and best assortment we have ever had. Clothing made to order.

**Wall Paper of the Latest Patterns.**

**PAINTS! OILS!**

**HARDWARE, WOOD AND WILLOWARE.**

Dried Fruits of all kinds and of the best; and everything usually kept in a country store, at Rock Bottom Prices at

**Beaver & Shellenberger's.**

—ABOUT—

**Ladies Coats and Wraps, Children's Coats, &c.**

If you wish a WELL MADE AND PERFECT FITTING —WINTER WRAP,—

You can be suited now, as our stock is full of desirable garments for this season.

—MADE TO ORDER—

What is needed in this line, and we have HUNDREDS OF CLOTHS

To select from, ranging in price from \$1.00 To \$7.00 Per Yard.

Also elegant —MOLE SKIN—

—AND—

—SEAL SKIN CLOTHS—

At \$2.00 to \$30.00 per yard.

Whether you want a FIVE DOLLAR or a FIFTY DOLLAR COAT, we can suit you, either in ready made or made to order.

We are making a great many very pretty new style

—WRAPS—

Trimmed with fur. They are becoming to almost every lady and we can show you a style in them which will undoubtedly be a prevailing pattern not only for this season, but next winter.

Children's Coats for all ages and all prices.

**Howard Leopold,**

**229 High Street,**

**POTTSTOWN, PA.**

**W. M. S. ESSICK,**

**JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!**

MAIN STREET, ROYERSFORD, PA.

Broker in Insurance and Real Estate. Money wanted for loans on first mortgage. Brief of title furnished in all cases. Correspondence solicited.

Jan. 28, 18.

TRAPE, PA.

TRAPE, PA.

TRAPE, PA.







# Register's Notice.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, NORRISTOWN, Jan. 30, 1886.

All persons concerned in either as heirs, creditors or otherwise, are hereby notified that the accounts of the following named persons have been allowed and filed in my office, on the date to each separately annexed, and the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court at said place, on the date to each separately annexed, at which time and place they may attend and object, if they see fit.

Nov. 11, Dager. The first and final account of John Dager and Lorenz J. Zimmerman, executors of the estate of Caroline Dager, late of Norristown, dec'd.

Nov. 14, Crooks. The account of Sarah J. Crooks, administratrix of Samuel Crooks, late of Potomac township, dec'd.

Nov. 14, Heyser. Account of Amanda Heyser, administratrix of Hannah Heyser, late of Lower Providence township, dec'd.

Nov. 19, Nettles. Supplemental account of Jos. Nettles, executor of the estate of Catherine Nettles, late of the township of Limerick, dec'd.

Nov. 23, Wireman. The first and final account of Michael B. Wireman, executor of the estate of Catherine Wireman, late of Franconia township, dec'd.

Nov. 23, Fisher, minor. Final settlements of the accounts of William Fisher, late of the township of Norristown, dec'd.

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## MONTGOMERY COUNTY ALMS- HOUSE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1885.

The annual account of the Directors of the Poor and House of Employment of Montgomery County, Penna., for the year ending December 31st, 1885. The Directors have received from different sources as follows:

DR.

To cash received for board, viz:

Isaac Kennard	\$ 5.50
Hannah Schlichter	207.10
Rebecca Heffelfinger	11.40
Elizabeth Taylor	66.00
Ann Moore	73.00
Jacob Maurer	75.00
Catharine Hill	15.31
John Thompson	15.31
Indemness fees	22.00
Out-door relief overdrawn	22.00
Sales of butter	6.17
eggs	82.30
poultry	23.78
hides	287.39
calf skins	33.34
sheep skins	14.45
rough fat	29.88
slush fat	25.61
lard	102.18
pigs	78.50
half	9.00
hay	11.45
trunks	4.65
empty barrels	10.84
potatoes	10.84
corn	10.84
old iron	3.07
bags	2.01
cabbage	1.00
Freight refunded	11.20
Mending shoes	35.00
Dinners and house food	77.80
Hay scales	6.40
Miscellaneous	1.57
William Weaver's estate	1.50
Joseph Shiner	1.00
James Griffith	1.00
James Curry	9.11
Frederick Koppes	14.00
Richard Dougherty	1.95
Total amt. paid to County Treasurer	\$1,568.67

CR.

The Directors have expended for the maintenance of Almshouse, out-door relief, out-door medical attendance, out-door burials, etc., from January 1st, 1885, to January 1st, 1886, as follows:

SALARIES.

Daniel Shuler, director	\$ 250.00
Harry S. Lowery, director	250.00
John O. Clemens, director, 11 months	229.17
William B. Rittenhouse, 2 months	100.00
Adam F. Saylor, steward	600.00
Mrs. A. F. Saylor, matron	300.00
Joseph H. Johnson, deputy steward	300.00
Dr. J. Warren Royer, physician	900.00
J. P. Hale Jenkins, solicitor	100.00
David H. Ross, clerk	250.00
Horatio Sande, engineer	280.00
Samuel Rambo, farmer	300.00
Chas. Ulicher, watchman	300.00
Jerry Koff, shoemaker	216.00
Frederick Myers, baker	82.00
George Zeigler	58.00
John Danenberger, baker	27.38
Ella Danenberger, seamstress	126.00
Susan Marshall, nurse	104.00
Bridget Maxwell	104.00
John Gibney	72.00
Henry Hines	43.00
Gustavus Franks	13.00
George Foonhower	9.00
Wm. Roney	2.00
Harriet Smith, cook	120.00
Lizzie Saylor	156.00
Catharine Weaver, cook	78.00
Chas. Wessig	26.00
Richard Dougherty	6.50
Thos. Murray	2.31
John Royer, gardener	54.00
Barney Koppes	18.00
Frank Nye, laborer	30.00
Shadrach Lewis, blacksmith	11.00
Geo. Hamme	11.55
John Harkins, feeding chickens	14.58
Ab. Harkins, feeding cows and chickens	12.24
Henry Kindig, feeding cows	4.00
Morris Haines, chickens	4.18
Extra labor	85.00
Total	\$5,467.39

OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

Harry S. Lowery, Lower District	\$1,802.10
Daniel Shuler, Middle District	3,413.84
John O. Clemens and Wm. B. Rittenhouse, Upper District	1,204.50
Total	\$6,420.44

ALMSHOUSE EXPENSES.

Groceries	\$1,205.57
Food goods	1,135.11
Drugs	640.17
Flour and feed	4,064.59
Coal	1,831.00
Advertising	404.00
Insurance	675.00
Tobacco	292.50
Leather	294.02
Blankets	199.03
Lumber	100.05
Pork	915.24
Cows	128.00
Cattle	2,027.25
Sheep	166.00
Bulls	115.45
Horse	170.00
Lime	18.25
Whiskey	147.60
Notions	206.70
Bread	72.35
Blacksmith	76.45
Potatoes	29.30
Maintenance	275.11
Wagons	134.60
Hops	32.50
Toll (bridge)	29.20
Sewing machines	5.00
Carpets	25.00
Mittens	31.23
Knitting	12.50
Glass	14.56
Mason work	49.00
Repairing machines	16.00
Keep of children outside of Almshouse	289.85
Hardware, gas fitting, plumbing, etc.	173.29
Spring Mill Small-pox expenses, besides medical attendance	88.50
Veterinary surgeon	10.00
Unloading coal	10.00
Travelling expenses	40.77
Picnic. Almshouse, keep of paupers	35.59
Local costs	18.84
Making brooms	11.57
Pointing rails	6.29
Hammes	5.00
Stamps, stationery and books	26.00
Total	\$17,476.09

OUT-DOOR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

Dr. Geo. N. Hughes, Conshohocken	\$ 7.00
Bridget Fleming	30.00
Chas. Baker	26.50
Mrs. Arters	7.00
Rufus Smith	12.00
Mrs. Hayes	5.00
Wm. Moore	6.00
Joseph Watkins	3.50
Chas. Gardner	6.50
Mrs. Henry Streep	7.50
Mary Tuston	5.00
Brigit Mehan	10.00
Mary McKnight	16.00
Mrs. Purcell	3.50
James McFetridge	32.00
Issue Keches	34.00
Total	\$207.00

Dr. Chas. Bradley, Norristown.

Michael Lennon 11.50 |

John Wilson 11.50 |

Grace Duffy 30.50 |

Martha Philomny 2.00 |

Martha Broadhurst 14.00 |

Mrs. S. Clemens 7.00 |

Richard Lee 14.00 |

Elizabeth Wilson 21.00 |

John Saybold	10.00
Wm. Corrigan	12.00
John Willower	7.00
Mary Ritter	7.00
John B. Weaver	15.00
Total	176.50

Dr. Benjamin Rice, Norristown.

Annie Quigley 7.00 |

Jennie Jones 3.00 |

Sylvester Reaver 14.50 |

Eliza Custer 39.50 |

William Johnson 17.00 |

Rupert Corning 23.00 |

Linda Latta 3.00 |

Total 107.00 |

Dr. C. H. Mann, Bridgeport.

Sarah Ann Smith 18.50 |

Minnie Atlee 10.00 |

Mary Ann Fryer 26.00 |

Isabella McMichael 14.00 |

John Kerns 15.00 |

Emily Cornog 10.00 |

Total 91.50 |

Dr. H. H. Whitcomb, Norristown.

Elizabeth Charles 26.50 |

Ann Jack 31.00 |

Isabella Streep 20.00 |

Michael Jack 11.50 |

Total 89.00 |

Dr. E. F. Gerhard, Norristown.

Allice Jackson 3.00 |

Emma Jackson 6.50 |

Jacob Maurer 14.00 |

Wm. Fisher 6.00 |

Catharine Dotts 11.00 |

James MacDonald 15.00 |

Mrs. Peter Schradler 5.00 |

Elizabeth Reaver 4.50 |

Isabella Jones 3.00 |

Mrs. John Richards 6.00 |

Total 86.50 |

Dr. C. Z. Weber, Norristown.

Mary McDonald 34.00 |

Rachel Matthews 35.00 |

Sarah Jones 9.00 |

Total 78.00 |

Dr. Hiram R. Lenz, Souderton.

Jonas Cressman 21.00 |

Simon Runners 21.00 |

Samuel Ramsey 24.00 |

Margaret Frolinger 7.00 |

Total 73.00 |

Dr. N. S. Wiley, Norristown.

James Conway 25.00 |

Sarah Foley 11.50 |

Mary Ann Elliot 13.00 |

Mary Atkinson 3.50 |

Mary Keller 5.00 |

Mary Ritter 13.00 |

Total 71.00 |

Dr. E. K. Blank, Hatfield.

Andrew Gebert 12.50 |

Mrs. Barnhart 13.50 |

Nancy Styer 13.50 |

Lucy Ann Shenkle 6.50 |

John Hallman 3.00 |

Total 40.50 |

Dr. Samuel Wolf, Skippack.

William B. Rittenhouse 21.00 |

Betsy Fryer 21.00 |

John Sherry 21.00 |

Total 63.00 |

Dr. M. F. Furey, Norristown.

Wellington Pryer 14.00 |

Mary Ann Pryer 14.00 |

Fridrich Johnson 31.00 |

Total 31.00 |

Dr. D. K. Bechtel, Kulpville.

Julia Johnson 28.00 |

Frederick Myers 28.00 |

Charles Wambold 28.00 |

Dr. W. H. Egle, Pottstown.

Deborah Enck 14.00 |

Henry Buchert 14.00 |

Henry Buchert 14.00 |

Bridget Keeler, Harleysville.

Leah Gerhart 21.00 |

George Hartwig 7.00 |

Total 28.00 |

Dr. J. S. Morey, Royersford.

Hetty Jones 21.00 |